

# THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD.

VOL. XV., NO. 4400

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1899

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## FIFTH ANNIVERSARY CONSTITUTION LODGE.

Wentworth Hall a Scene of Youth and Beauty.

Delightful Entertainment Followed by a Dance and Supper—Officers in Charge.

Last night in Wentworth hall occurred the fifth anniversary of Constitution lodge, No. 88, K of P. and a most enjoyable time was passed.

At an early hour the crowd began to gather, and every ear brought a goodly number to share in the festivities of the evening, and at 8 o'clock the hall was taxed to its utmost capacity, and there was scarcely standing room. Mr. Edson of Canney's music store of Portsmouth furnished the entertainment with the graphophone, and was loudly applauded. Mr. Edson has an excellent collection of records and a first class machine. Constitution lodge has a reputation as being first class entertainers and last evening was no exception. Every detail had been carefully arranged, and the large crowd was handled in perfect shape. Previous to the entertainment Joy and Philbrick's orchestra of Portsmouth rendered several selections.

At the conclusion of the entertainment, the hall was cleared for dancing, and the grand march was formed, led by C. C. Alvah Frost and Miss Annie Hill, followed by V. C. Herbert G. Elkins and lady and about sixty couples, and was a very pretty spectacle. There was a number of prominent Knights in the march. Mr. Goodwin E. Philbrick officiated as prompter in his usual pleasing manner and was highly applauded by the merry throng. The following dances:

Grand March and Circle.	Waltz.
Quadrille, Contra, Waltz, Quadrille.	Virginia Reel, Constitution, Our Friends, Our Chancellors, Boston Fancy.

The following well known Knights had charge of the floor and performed their duties in a most pleasing manner:

Floor Director, V. C. Herbert G. Elkins. Assistant Floor Director, C. C. Alvah H. Frost.

Aids—William T. Burrows, P. Joseph M. Heene, Austin M. Trefethon.

At intermission an elegant lunch was served, for which Baldwin A. Reich of Portsmouth catered, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

The affair was in charge of the following well-known young Knights and to them is due the grand success that Constitution lodge scored last night:

Chairman, C. C. Alvah H. Frost; V. C. Herbert G. Elkins; William T. Burrows. Constitution lodge, No. 88, K of P., was instituted Feb. 17th, 1894, and since that time has rapidly grown and is now one of the leading orders of our town and comprises among its members some of our leading citizens and is a credit to the town. The following were the officers of Constitution lodge at the time of its organization:

P. C.—Hon. Horace Mitchell; S. P. C.—Isaac N. Hurd; C. C.—Fred W. Cross; V. C. Charles R. Wasgatt; Prelate—Hiram P. Bartlett; M. at A.—George B. Gibson; K. of R. S.—Arthur Moore; M. of F.—O. Sumner Paul; J. G.—John Grant; O. G.—Edgar Burnham. The present officers of the lodge are: C. C. Alvah H. Frost; V. C. Herbert G. Elkins; Prelate, Joseph M. Heene; K. of R. S., E. Everett Olin; K. of F., Charles R. Wasgatt; M. of E., Mark W. Paul; M. of A., Walter Jackson; J. G., Ernest Hanson; O. G., Benjamin F. Bunker.

For the pleasure of those who did not dance, the committee in charge had prepared white tables in the lodge room, where a large number enjoyed this fascinating game. Special cars were run to accommodate the brother Knights from Portsmouth and Kittery Point, which was greatly appreciated. The party

broke up at a late hour all declaring Constitution lodge royal entertainers.

### Notes

Among the prominent Knights present were, Hon. Horace Mitchell, Calvin L. Hayes, Esq. Mark Paul, Geo. Marden, F. W. Cross, Lyman Holmes, G. B. Gibson, Chester Cutts, B. F. Bunker, H. B. Shaw, W. T. Burrows, Edgar Burnham, Jacob Drinkwater, Frank Kuse, Bertram Moore, Daniel Seaward, R. E. Smith and many others.

Walter Wentworth officiated as ticket-taker, and was highly complimented. The grand march was one of the prettiest ever seen in the hall.

The sixth will be looked forward to with great interest. Great credit is due the committee in charge for the able manner in which the affair was managed.

Some brilliant costumes were worn by the ladies.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Will Rogers of Portsmouth were among the out of town guests.

Seldom is a handsomer party seen in Wentworth hall.

Joy and Philbrick's orchestra furnished excellent music for the dancing.

Dr. and Mrs. E. E. Shapleigh and Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Hussey were among the invited guests.

Dr. H. I. Durgin of Eliot, a prominent member of the lodge was present with Mrs. Durgin.

The next of importance on the programme is the High school reunion next Tuesday night in Wentworth hall.

Mrs. Emily Morse is confined to her home by illness.

A party from here will attend the Bellamy in Portsmouth next Wednesday night.

Richard McCate went to his home in Dover yesterday.

Business is rather quiet in police circles in this town just at present.

The residents of Pine Hill are complaining about the condition of the roads up that way.

The many friends of Mrs. John C. Neal will be pained to learn that she is rapidly sinking.

Rev. and Mrs. D. F. Faulkner are improving rapidly from their recent severe illness.

The grip is now on the decrease, so say the physicians.

A number from here attended the exhibition of the many art in Portsmouth last night.

William Foster of Concord is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Shaw, Dame street.

### PRIZES.

The School Children of the State Receive Offers.

The New Hampshire Audubon society desiring to stimulate habits of observation, and to arouse and foster sentiments of kindness and sympathy for dumb animals, especially for the birds, among the youth of our state, offers prizes for compositions about birds to the children of New Hampshire on the following conditions:

For the best composition written by boy or girl between the ages of 12 and 17 years, \$10.00; for the second best \$5.00.

These compositions must be the result of the writer's own observations of the nature, habits, characteristics, and uses of birds, not copied from books, and may relate to one individual bird, or birds in general, as may be preferred.

Accuracy of description and minuteness of observation of the nature and habits of birds will have much weight in the award of prizes, but carefulness of composition will also be considered. Any child living in New Hampshire, within the ages specified, may compete for the prizes.

Compositions should be sent before November 1, 1899, to the secretary of the New Hampshire Audubon society, (Mrs. F. W. Batchelder,) Manchester, N. H., by whom they will be transferred to the committee of award to be appointed by the officers of the society.

Competitors may sign fictitious names to their compositions, but should also send their real names and address to the secretary, who will not reveal them until the awards are made.

### DIED.

HUTCHINS. In York, Me., Feb. 16th, Mrs. John Hutchins, aged 81 years.

JAMIES. In Kittery, Me., Feb. 17th, Leonard Jamies, aged 75 years.

Itchiness of the skin is a horrible plague. Most everybody is afflicted in one way or another. Only one safe never failing cure. Doan's Ointment. At any drug store 25 cents.

## PAYONIA TOWED INTO THE AZORES.

Passengers and Crew Reported as Being All Well.

The News Causes Wind Excitement in Boston Where Sheeter Was Overdue.

Special to the Herald.

Boston, Mass., Feb. 18.—The wildest excitement has been created in this city by the receipt of a cablegram from the Azores, announcing the safe arrival there of the Cunard line steamer Payonia. The Payonia was towed into port in a disabled condition, but all well. She was thirteen days overdue and given up as lost by all but her agents.

### VITAL STATISTICS OF PORTSMOUTH.

For the month of January, 1899, as recorded by William H. Moore, city clerk, from returns made in accordance with the statute law:

BIRTHS.	
Date.	Child to
9th.	Warrington and Grace E. Moulton, a daughter.
10th.	Albert and Ella Berry, a daughter.
15th.	Thomas J. and Della Brooks, a son.
18th.	Frederick W. and Carrie E. Joslyn, a daughter.
20th.	Arthur L. and Almira Hersey, a daughter.
20th.	Laurie and Grace C. Britton, a daughter.
21st.	Edward E. and May W. Sterling, a daughter.
23d.	Bertram M. and Mary E. Tilton, a daughter.
28th.	Roderick and Mary Ann McDonald, a son.
29th.	Alexander and Mary A. Dawson, a daughter.
31st.	William and Mary Carson, a daughter.

### MARRIAGES.

1st.	William C. Berry and Emma Rhodes, both of Portsmouth.
3d.	Frank E. Moore and Jessie W. Haley, both of Portsmouth.
3d.	Frank W. Hunter and Annie R. Murray, both of Portsmouth.
4th.	Frederick A. Stone of Portsmouth and Edith F. Bartlett of Eliot, Me.
7th.	John H. Rose and Mary E. Bryant, both of Portsmouth.
8th.	Samuel Scott and Sophia E. Baker, both of Portsmouth.
11th.	Lewis E. Peendleton and Mabel F. Hubbel, both of Portsmouth.
11th.	William H. Kell of Fort Crook, Nebraska, and Emma St. L. Sise of Portsmouth.
18th.	Harvey A. Clark of Newcastle, N. H., and Grace C. Fife of Wilmington, Del.
20th.	William J. Cousins and Sarah E. Howland, both of Portsmouth.
21st.	Laurie F. Coffin of Portland, Me., and Margaret E. Blake of Yarmouth, Me.
24th.	Patrick Buckley and Mary Lynch, both of Portsmouth.
24th.	Peter Johnson of New York city and Mary E. Deschamps of Portsmouth.
24th.	John Fred Simpson of Somerville, Mass., and Sadie Estelle Dickey of Portsmouth.

### DEATHS.

Burial permits were issued by the city clerk during the month as follows, the date given in each case being that of the issue of the permit; where the death occurred in another city, the name of the place is given:

Date.	Name.	Yrs.	mos.	days.
1st.	Isaac Green.	80	7	2
2d.	Mary Shea.	7	7	27
3d.	J. Gilman Hayes.	4	7	27
3d.	Leila Frances Dow.	30	7	10
5th.	Katie Sullivan.	30		
5th.	Gertrude Elts Chamberlain.	4		
7th.	Grace A. Hutchinson, Salem, Mass.	4	10	17
8th.	Thomas C. Hough, Newington.	56		
8th.	Gilbert T. Dukeshire.	56		
8th.	James Jones.	18	5	
9th.	Jeremiah G. Woodsum.	41		
10th.	Joseph H. Emery, New York city.	78	9	34
11th.	Novell S. Philbrick.	42	9	14
12th.	James Osgood Evans.	85	1	16
12th.	Henry Flint Wendell.	80	11	6
12th.	William Fulham.	33		
13th.	Ellen Dwyer.	70		
14th.	William Phanny.	70		
14th.	Raphael S. Lecznaky.	90		
15th.	James M. Stevens.	35		
16th.	Mary Ann Whidden.	83		
16th.	Catharine Hartnett.	70	2	
16th.	Almira Akerman.	70	2	
20th.	Deborah Waterhouse.	64	5	
23d.	Alvah Jellison.	54	9	23
24th.	Elizabeth Riley.	70		
25th.	Margaret Carey.	50		
25th.	Elizabeth W. Young.	84	6	21
25th.	Charles S. Drinkwater.	70		
25th.	Harold Downs.	1	2	
25th.	Gladys J. Newman.	1	2	16
25th.	Lavinia H. Young.	60	1	
25th.	Almira L. Gardner.	60	1	
25th.	Robert Mercer.	70	5	6
25th.	Northington W. Wales.	70		
25th.	Melville A. Storer.	74		
25th.	Mary O'Neil, Kittery, Me.	70		

## ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

### TEA TABLE TALK.

Enjoy your humble porridge.—  
Enjoy your oaten cake:—  
Let not your heart hold ire  
Because the rich folk take  
Champagne, with mullets rare,  
And meats beyond compare.  
No smoother slumber cometh  
To prince or potentate,  
Than to the rash chieftain  
Who, with a relish, ate  
Of broth and banquets cheap.  
Then stretched himself in sleep.  
Indeed, the duke may shudder  
At dreams of cruel deeds—  
To poor, inspiring tenants—  
While the smooth rustic beds  
Naught underneath the skies,  
Till morning opens his eyes.  
So eat your honest porridge—  
Your healthy oaten cake,  
Baked over a hearty fire;  
And let the rich folk shake  
The salt o'er costly meats:  
Your sleep is sound and sweet.

The Lowell (Mass.) Citizen can always be depended upon to present something novel for consideration, like the following brilliant declaration: "Golfing is now all the fad for men and women." They must be playing it on snow shoes in Lowell. Our New Hampshire Jinks are under forty feet of snow at present, and we prefer a game of "pop corn and cider" or "who's got the button."

I see that Jere Grady in Frankie Carpenter's comedy prop this season. He is a reliable actor and has been a familiar figure on the New England circuit for many years. No company with Grady in its cast ever has to walk home. His fun is a mascot for drawing paying audiences.

Dr. Parkhurst, the editor of Zion's Herald, Boston, thus depicts our New Hampshire senators, in a letter from Washington: "Senator Chandler is a much abused man. He is a politician, but he is also a man of ability and nerve and of clean moral life. Senator Gallagher is aging. In him the politician predominates."

When all the other periodicals pall on my fastidious taste, I turn to the Old Farmer's Almanac and life becomes bright once more. Here is a choice bit which I recently discovered between its covers: "Do not spend your time, on cold or stormy days, at the corner grocery, finding fault with your neighbors." This applies also to saloons, club smoking-rooms and sewing circles.

Excitement reigned for a few minutes on Columbia street, at the west end, Thursday noon. A sharp-eyed housewife espied a squad of city shovellers approaching from State street, and the sight was so novel that she threw a diaphanous around her head and rushed from block to block with the good news. There were seven men in the squad, and as they came through the street in heavy marching order, with their brand new shovels glistening in the sunlight, it was an inspiring spectacle.

Doors were jerked open and windows wrenched off, and the heads of householders were craned eagerly. "Will they really shovel us out?" asked a man who had jumped up from his dinner

with his napkin on and a soap spon between his fingers. "Perhaps they've got lost," ventured his wife.

On they marched, unheeding the anxious face. On, on,—ah, they've halted in open order and three of them throw a shovelful apiece from the middle of the thoroughfare to one side. An impulsive citizen proposes a cheer: women sob from excessive joy,—then the commander of the squad sternly orders the men to throw the snow back where it was in the first place. It is done, and a howl of dismay arises from the blocks.

"March!" and with shovels in perfect alignment the squad tramps remorselessly around the corner and down Lexington street. The man of the soap spon tries to stab himself with a "Mockery!" he yells. "How long, O Lord, how long must this endure?"

Note (and this is no dream, either).—On Wednesday, a gang of city shovellers proceeded a mile or so to the south end, cleared a man's sidewalk, swept the dust out of the rug in his front hall and ran a feather duster over his blinds. He isn't a city official, either.

Another note.—The people on Columbia street and Columbia court are just as good as this man so highly favored. Not even a sidewalk plow was sent through Columbia street after the latest storm. Scores of other shovellers employes traverse that street sometimes a day. They are every where as good as anybody else.

Wanted (this is paid for at regular rates).—Some sidewalk or city official with a pull, to take up his residence on Columbia street. A tenement with clean heat, bath and two spare chambers will be provided for him freely.

A merry newspaper war is running Nashua folks. When Editor O'Leigh of the Press wants a space filler, he votes two or three inches to a red hat "call down" of the Telegraph, or sends Buzzell out to hunt up a last year's case of mumps which the Telegraph didn't get, and spread it on the first page next a patent medicine "ad." The Telegraph isn't sleeping all this time. My friend Flinn takes occasion frequently to punch the Press between the eyes. Down this way, we reckon that our paper is as lively as the other and that Nashua has two excellent local papers. Fush.

### DISCOVERED BY A WOMAN.

Another great discovery has been made, and that too, by a lady in this country. "Discove fastened its clasp upon her and for seven years she withstood its severest test, but her vital organs were undermined and death seemed imminent. For three months she coughed incessantly, and could not sleep. She finally discovered a way to recovery, by purchasing of us a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, and was so much relieved on taking the first dose, that she slept all night; and with two bottles, has been absolutely cured. Her name is Mrs. L. Hamer. Thus writes W. G. Hamer & Co., of Shelby, N. C. Trial bottle free at the Globe Grocery Co.'s store. Regular size 50c. and \$1.00. Every bottle guaranteed.

## ANNUAL MARK-DOWN SALE OF

Ladies', Gents' and Children's Boots and Shoes

— AT —

C. Fred Duncan's.

Men's Odds and Ends of Blacks and Russes, \$2.50 and \$3.00, now.....	Men's Patent Leather, \$3.00 marked down to.....
Men's Winter Russes, \$3.50 marked down to.....	Men's Leather Lined Gun Gait, \$5.00 marked down to.....
Men's Black Lace, \$1.50 marked down to.....	Ladies' Slippers, \$1.00 and \$1.50, now.....
Men's Black Lace, \$2.50 marked down to.....	Ladies' Button and Lace, \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00, now.....
Men's Congress, \$3.50 and \$4.00 marked down to.....	Other Small Shoes of Blacks, \$2.00 and \$2.50, now.....
Men's Willow Gait, \$4.00 marked down to.....	



# MYSTERY of CLOOMBER

BY A. CONAN DOYLE

## CHAPTER XIII.

IN WHICH I SEE THAT WHICH HAS BEEN SEEN BY FEW.

At dinner that evening I mentioned to my father the episode of the three Buddhist priests, and found, as I had expected, that he was very much interested by account of them. When, however, he heard of the high manner in which Ram Singh had spoken of him, and the distinguished position which he had assigned him among philologists, he became so excited that it was all we could do to prevent him from setting off then and there to make his acquaintance. Esther and I were relieved and glad when we at last succeeded in abstracting his boots and maneuvering him to his bedroom, for the exciting events of the last twenty-four hours had been too much for his weak frame and delicate nerves.

I was sitting at the open porch in the gloaming, turning over in my mind the unexpected events which had occurred so rapidly—the gale, the wreck, the rescue, and the strange character of the castaways—when my sister came quietly over to me and put her hand in mine.

"Don't you think, Jack," she said in her low, sweet voice, "that we are forgetting our friends over at Cloomber? Hasn't all this excitement driven their fears and their danger out of our heads?"

"Out of our heads, but never out of our hearts," said I, laughing. "However, you are right, little one, for our attention has certainly been distracted from them. I shall walk up in the morning and see if I can see anything of them. By the way, to-morrow is the fatal 5th of October—one more day and all will be well with us."

"Or ill," said my sister, gloomily. "Why, what a little croaker you are to be sure!" I cried. "What in the world is coming over you?"

"I feel nervous and low-spirited," she answered, drawing closer to my side and shivering. "I feel as if some great peril were hanging over the heads of those we love. Why should these strange men wish to stay upon the coast?"

"What, the Buddhists?" I said lightly. "Oh, these fellows have continued feckless days and religious rites of all sorts. They have some very good reason for staying, you may be sure."

"Don't you think," said Esther, in an awe-struck whisper, "that it is very strange that these priests should arrive here all the way from India just at the present moment? Have you not gathered from all you have heard that the general's fears are in some way connected with India and the Indians?"

"The remark made me thoughtful," I answered. "I have some vague impression that the mystery is connected with some incident which occurred in that country. I am sure, however, that your fears would vanish if you saw Ram Singh. He is the very personification of wisdom and benevolence. He was shocked at the idea of our killing a sheep, or even a fish for his benefit—said he would rather die than have a hand in taking the life of an animal."

"It is very foolish of me to be nervous," said my sister, bravely. "But you must promise me one thing, Jack. You will go up to Cloomber in the morning and if you can see any of them you must tell them of these strange neighbors of ours. They are better able to judge than we are whether their presence has any significance or not."

"All right, little one," I answered, as we went indoors. "You have been over-excited by all these wild doings, and you need a sound night's rest to compose you. I'll do what you suggest however, and our friends shall judge for themselves whether these poor devils should be sent about their business or not."

I made the promise to allay my sister's apprehensions, but in the bright sunlight of the morning it appeared little less than absurd to imagine that our poor vegetarian castaways could have any sinister intentions, or that their advent could have any effect upon the tenants of Cloomber. I was anxious myself, however, to see whether I could see anything of the Heisterstones, so after breakfast I walked up to the Hall. In their seclusion it was impossible for them to have learned anything of the recent events. I felt, therefore, that even if I should meet the general he could hardly regard me as an intruder while I had so much news to communicate.

The place had the same dreary and melancholy appearance which always characterized it. Looking through between the thick iron bars of the main gateway there was nothing to be seen of any of the occupants. One of the great Scotch firs had been blown down in the gale, and its long, rotten trunk lay right across the grass-grown avenue, but no attempt had been made to remove it. Everything about the property had the same air of desolation and neglect, with the solitary exception of the massive and impenetrable fence, which presented as unbroken and formidable an obstacle as ever to the

would-be trespasser.

I walked around this barrier as far as our old trysting place without finding any flaw through which I could get a glimpse of the house, for the fence had been erected with each rail overlapping the last, so as to secure absolute privacy for those inside. At the old spot, however, where I had had the memorable interview with the general on the occasion when he surprised me with his daughter, I found that the two loose rails had been refixed in such a manner that there was a gap of two inches, or more between them. Through this I had a view of the house and a part of the lawn in front of it, and though I could see no signs of life outside or at any of the windows, I settled down with the intention of sticking to my post until I had a chance of speaking to one or other of the inmates. Indeed, the cold, dead aspect of the house had struck such a chill into my heart that I determined to scale the fence at whatever risk of incurring the general's displeasure rather than return without news of the Heisterstones.

Happily there was no need of this extreme expedient, for I had not been there half an hour before I heard the harsh sound of an opening lock, and the general himself emerged from the main door. To my surprise he was dressed in a military uniform—and that not the uniform in ordinary use in the British army. The red coat was strangely cut and stained with the weather. The trousers had originally been white, but had now faded to a dirty yellow. With a red sash across his chest and a straight sword hanging from his side he stood the living example of a bygone type—the John Company's officer of forty years ago. He was followed by the ex-tramp, Corporal Rufus Smith, now well clad and prosperous, who limped along beside his master, the two pacing up and down the lawn absorbed in conversation. I observed that from time to time one or the other of them would pause and glance furtively all about them, as though guarding keenly against a surprise.

I should have preferred communicating with the general alone, but since there was no dissociating him from his companion, I beat loudly on the fence with my stick to attract their attention. They both faced around in a moment, and I could see from their gestures that they were disturbed and alarmed. I then elevated my stick above the barrier to show them where the sound proceeded from. At this the general began to walk in my direction with the air of a man who is bracing himself for an effort, but the other caught him by the wrist and endeavored to dissuade him. It was only when I shouted out my name and assured them that I was alone that I could prevail upon them to approach. Once assured of my identity the general ran eagerly toward me and greeted me with the utmost cordiality.

"This is truly kind of you, West," he said. "It is only at such times as these that one can judge who is a friend and who not. It would not be fair to you to ask you to come inside or to stay any time, but I am none the less very glad to see you."

"I have been anxious about you all," I said. "For it is some little time since I have seen or heard from any of you. How have you all been keeping?"

"Why, as well as could be expected. But we will be better to-morrow—will be different men to-morrow, eh, corporal?"

"Yes, sir," said the corporal, raising his hand to his forehead in a military salute. "We'll be right as the bank to-morrow."

"The corporal and I are a little disturbed in our minds just now," the general explained. "But I have no doubt that all will come right. After all, there is nothing higher than Providence, and we are all in its hands. And how have you been, eh?"

"We have been very busy for one thing," said I. "I suppose you have heard nothing of the great shipwreck?"

"Not a word," the general answered hesitantly. "I thought the force of the wind would prevent your hearing the signal guns. She came ashore in the bay the night before last—a great hail, from India."

the perspiration from his brow.

"It's like my luck!" he said. "After all these years, to come just when I have got a snag biller."

"Never mind, my lad," the general said, shrugging his shoulders. "Be it what it may, we'll face it as British soldiers should. D'ye remember at Chillianwallah, when you had to run from your guns to our square, and the Sikh horse came thundering down on our bayonets? We didn't flinch then, and we won't flinch now. It seems to me that I feel better than I have done for years. It was the certainty that was killing me."

"And the infernal jangle," said the corporal. "Well, we'll all go together—that's some consolation."

"Good-by, West," said the general. "Be a good husband to Gabriel, and give my poor wife a home. I don't think she will trouble you long. Good-by! God bless you!"

"Look here, general," I said, peremptorily breaking off a piece of wood to make communication more easy. "This sort of thing has been going on too long. What are these hints and allusions and innuendoes? It is time we had a little plain speaking. What is it you fear? Out with it! Are you in dread of these Hindoos? If you are I am able, on my father's authority, to have them arrested as rogues and vagabonds."

"No, no, that would never do," he answered, shaking his head. "You will learn about the wretched business soon enough. Mordaunt knows where to lay his hand upon the papers bearing on the matter. You can consult him about it to-morrow."

"But surely," I cried, "if the peril is so imminent something may be done to avert it. If you would but tell me what you fear I should know how to act."

"My dear friend," he said, "there is nothing to be done, so calm yourself and let things take their course. It has been folly on my part to shelter myself behind mere barriers of wood and stone. The fact is, that inaction was terrible to me, and I felt that to do anything, however futile, in the nature of a precaution, was better than passive resignation. My humble friend here and I have placed ourselves in a position in which, I trust, no poor fellow will ever find himself again. We can only recommend ourselves to the unfailing goodness of the Almighty, and trust that what we have endured in this world may lessen our atonement in the world to come. I must leave you now, for I have many papers to destroy and much to arrange. Good-by. He pushed his hand through the whole which I had made and grasped mine in a solemn farewell, after which he walked back to the Hall with a firm and decided step, still followed by the crippled corporal.

I walked back to Branksome much disturbed by this interview, and extremely puzzled as to what course I should pursue. It was evident now that my sister's suspicions were correct, and that there was some very intimate connection between the presence of the three Orientals and the mysterious peril which hung over the towers of Cloomber. It was difficult for me to associate the noble-faced Ram Singh's gentle, refined manner and words of wisdom with any deed of violence; yet now that I thought of it I could see that a terrible capacity for wrath lay behind his shaggy brows and dark, piercing eyes. I felt that of all men whom I had ever met he was the one whose displeasure I should least care to face. But how could two men so widely dissociated as the foul-mouthed old corporal of artillery and the distinguished Anglo-Indian general have each earned the ill-will of these strange castaways? And if the danger was a positive physical one, why should he not consent to my proposal to have the three men placed under my custody? though I confess it would have gone much against my grain to put in so inhospitable a manner upon such vague and shadowy grounds. These questions were absolutely unanswerable; and yet the solemn words and the terrible gravity which I had seen in the faces of both the old soldiers forbade me from thinking that their fears were entirely unfounded. It was all a puzzle—an absolutely insoluble puzzle. One thing at least was clear to me—and that was that in the present state of my knowledge, and after the general's distinct prohibition, it was impossible for me to interfere in any way. I could only wait and pray that, whatever the danger might be, it might pass over, or at least that my dear Gabriel and his brother might be protected against it.

I was walking down the lane lost in thought, and had got as far as the wicket gate which opened upon the trunk meadow, when I was surprised to hear my father's voice raised in most animated and excited converse. The old man had been of late so absorbed from the daily affairs of the world and so absorbed in his own private studies, that it was difficult to engage his attention upon any ordinary mundane topic. Outraged to know what it was that had drawn him so far out of himself, I opened the gate softly, and walking quietly round the laurel bushes, found him sitting, to my astonishment, with none other than the very man who was occupying my thoughts, Ram Singh the Buddhist. The two were sitting upon a garden bench, and the Oriental appeared to be laying down some weighty proposition, checking every point upon his long quivering brown fingers, while my father, with his hands thrown abroad and his face awry, was loud in protestation and in argument. So absorbed were they in their controversy, that I stood within a hand's reach of them for a minute or more before they became

conscious of my presence. On observing me the priest sprang to his feet and greeted me with the same lifeless courtesy and dignified grace which had so impressed me the day before.

"I promised myself yesterday," he said, "the pleasure of calling upon your father. You see I have kept my word. I have even been daring enough to question his views upon some points in connection with the Sanskrit and Hindoo tongues, with the result that we have been arguing for an hour or more without either of us convincing the other. Without pretending to as deep a theoretical knowledge as that which has made the name of John Hunter West a household word among Oriental scholars, I happen to have given considerable attention to this one point, and indeed I am in a position to say that I know his views to be unsound. I assure you, sir, that up to the year 700, or even later, Sanskrit was the ordinary language of the great bulk of the inhabitants of India."

"And I assure you, sir," said my father warmly, "that it was dead and forgotten at that date, save by the learned, who used it as a vehicle for scientific and religious works—just as Latin was used in the middle ages long after it had ceased to be spoken by any European nation."

"If you will consult the puranas you will find," said Ram Singh, "that this theory, though commonly received, is entirely untenable."

"And if you will consult the Ramayana, and more particularly the canonical books on Buddhist discipline," cried my father, "you will find that the theory is unassailable."

"But look at the Kullavagga," said our visitor, earnestly. "And look at King Asoka," shouted my father, triumphantly. "When, in the year 300 before the Christian era—before, mind you—he ordered the laws of Buddha to be engraved upon the rocks, what language did he employ, eh? Was it Sanskrit?—no! And why was it not Sanskrit? Because the lower orders of his subjects would not have been able to understand a word of it. Ha! ha! That was the reason. How are you going to get around King Asoka's edicts, eh?"

"He carved them in the various dialects," Ram Singh answered. "But energy is too precious a thing to be wasted in mere wind in this style. The sun has passed its meridian, and I must return to my companions."

"I am sorry that you have not brought them to see us," said my father, courteously. He was, I could see, uneasy lest in the eagerness of debate he had overstepped the bounds of hospitality.

"They do not mix with the world," Ram Singh answered, rising to his feet. "They are of a higher grade than I, and more sensitive to contaminating influences. They are immersed in a six months' meditation upon the mystery of the third incarnation, which has lasted from the time that we left the Himalayas. I shall not see you again, Mr. Hunter West, and I therefore bid you farewell. Your old age will be a happy one, as it deserves to be, and your Eastern studies will have a lasting effect upon the knowledge and literature of your own country. Farewell!"

"And am I also to see no more of you?" I asked.

"Unless you will walk with me along the seashore," he answered. "But you have already been out this morning, and may be tired. I ask too much of you."

"Nay, I should be delighted to come," I responded from my heart, and we set off together, accompanied for some little distance by my father, who would gladly, I could see, have reopened the Sanskrit controversy, had not his stock of breath been too limited to allow of his talking and walking at the same time.

"He is a learned man," Ram Singh remarked, after we had left him behind; "but, like many another, he is intolerant toward opinions which differ from his own. He will know better some day."

I made no answer to this observation, and we trudged along for a time in silence, keeping well down to the water's edge, where the sand afforded a good foothold. The sand dunes which lined the coast formed a continuous ridge upon our left, cutting us off entirely from all human observation, while on the right the broad channel stretched away with hardly a sail to break its silvery uniformity. The Buddhist priest and I were absolutely alone with Nature. I could not help reflecting that if he were really the dangerous man that the mate affected to consider him, or that might be inferred from the words of General Heisterstone, I had placed myself completely in his power. Yet such was the majestic benignity of the man's aspect, and the untroubled serenity of his deep dark eyes, that I could afford to be in his presence to let fear and suspicion blow past me as lightly as the breeze which whistled round us. His face might be stern and even terrible, but I felt that he could never be unjust. As I glanced from time to time at his noble profile and the sweep of his jet black beard, his rough-mun tweed traveling suit struck me with an almost painful sense of incongruity, and I resolved him in my imagination with the grand sweeping Oriental costume which to the fitting and proper frame for such a posture—the only path which could not detract from the dignity and grace of the wearer. The pier to which he led me was a small fisher cottage which had been deserted some years before by its tenant, but still stood ramshackle and bare, with the thatch partly blown away and the windows and door in sad disrepair. The dwelling, which the poorest Scotch beggar would have shrunk from, was the one which these strange men had chosen.

ferred to the proffered hospitality of the fisher's house. A small garden, now a mass of tangled brambles, stood round it, and through this my acquaintance guided his way to the ruined door. He glanced into the house and then waved his hand for me to follow him.

"You now have an opportunity," he said in a subdued, reverential voice, "of seeing a spectacle which few Europeans have had the privilege of beholding. Inside that cottage you will find two Yogis—men who are only one remove from the highest plane of adeptship. They are both wrapped in an ecstatic trance, otherwise I should not venture to intrude your presence upon them. Their astral bodies have departed from them, to be present at the feast of lamps in the holy lamassery of Rudok in Tibet. Tread lightly, lest by stimulating their corporeal functions you recall them before their ecstasies are completed."

Walking slowly and on tiptoe, I picked my way through the weed-grown garden, and peered through the open doorway. There was no furniture in the dreary interior, nor anything to cover the uneven floor save a litter of fresh straw in a corner. Among this straw two men were crouching, the one small and wizened, the other large-boned and gaunt, with their legs crossed in Oriental fashion and their heads sunk upon their breasts. Neither of them looked up nor took the smallest notice of our presence. They were so still and silent that they might have been two bronze statues but for the slow and measured rhythm of their breathing. Their faces, however, had a peculiar ashen gray color, very different from the healthy brown of my companion's; and I observed, on stooping my head, that only the whites of their eyes were visible, the balls being turned upward beneath the lids. In front of them upon a small mat lay an earthenware pitcher of water and half a loaf of bread, together with a sheaf of paper inscribed with certain cabalistic characters. Ram Singh glanced at these, and then, motioning to me to withdraw, followed me out into the garden.

"I am not to disturb them until ten o'clock," he said. "You have now seen in operation one of the grandest results of our occult philosophy, the dissociation of spirit from body. Not only are the spirits of these holy men standing at the present moment by the banks of the Ganges, but those spirits are clothed in a material covering so identical with their real bodies that none of the faithful will ever doubt that Lal Hoomi and Mowdar Khan are actually among them. This is accomplished by our power of resolving an object into its chemical atoms, of conveying these atoms with a speed which exceeds that of lightning to any given spot, and of there re-precipitating them and compelling them to retake their original form. Of old it was necessary to convey the whole body in this way, but we have since found that it was as easy and more convenient to transmit material enough merely to build up an outside shell or semblance of a body. This we have termed the astral body."

"But if you can transmit your spirits so readily," I observed, "why should they be accompanied by any body at all?"

"In communicating with brother inmates we are able to employ our spirits only; but when we wish to come in contact with ordinary mankind it is essential that we should appear in some form which they can see and comprehend."

"You have interested me deeply in all that you have told me," I said, grasping the hand which Ram Singh had held out to me as a sign that our interview was at an end. "I shall often think of our short acquaintance."

"You will derive much benefit from it," he said slowly, still holding my hand and looking gravely and sadly into my eyes. "You must remember that what will happen in the future is not necessarily bad because it does not fall in with your preconceived ideas of right. Be not hasty in your judgments. There are certain great rules which must be carried out, at whatever cost to individuals. Their operation may appear to you to be harsh and cruel, but that is as nothing compared to the dangerous precedent which would be established by not enforcing them. The ox and the sheep are safe from us, but the man with the blood of the highest upon his hands should not and shall not live."

He threw up his arms at the last words with a fierce, threatening gesture, and turning away from me strode back to the ruined hut. I stood gazing after him until he disappeared through the doorway, and then started off for home, revolving in my mind all that I had heard, and more particularly this last outburst of the occult philosopher. Far on the right I could see the tall white tower of Cloomber standing by clear-cut and sharp against a dark cloud bank which rose behind it. I thought how any traveler who chanced to pass that way would envy in his heart the tenant of that magnificent building, and how little they would guess the trance levers, the nameless dangers, which were gathering about his head. The black cloud-wrack was but the image, I reflected, of the darker, more sinister, storm which was about to burst.

"Whatever it all means, and however it happens," I ejaculated, "God grant that the attempt be not confounded with the reality."

My father, when I reached home, was still in the fervent over his learned disputation with the stranger. "I trust, Jack," he said, "that I did not handle him too roughly. I should remember that I am in two magisterial, and less prone to argue with my guests. Yet, when he took up this most untenable position, I could not refrain from attacking him and hurling him out of

it, which indeed I did, though you, who are ignorant of the alchemy of the question, may have failed to perceive it. You observed, however, that my reference to King Asoka's edicts was my conclusion that he at once rose and took his leave."

"You held your own bravely," I answered. "But what is your impression of the man now that you have seen him?"

"Why," said my father, "he is one of those holy men who under the various names of Sannasis, Yogis, Sevrans, Qualanders, Hakims, and Cuffs have devoted their lives to the study of the mysteries of the Buddhist faith. He is, I take it, a theosophist, or worshiper of the God of knowledge, the highest grade of which is the adept. This man and his companions have not attained this high position or they could not have crossed the sea without contamination. It is probable that they are all advanced chelas who hope in time to attain to the supreme honor of adeptship."

"But, father," interrupted my sister, "this does not explain why men of such sanctity and attainments should choose to take up their quarters on the shores of a desolate Scotch bay."

"Ah, there you get beyond me," my father answered. "I may suggest, however, that it is nobody's business but their own, as long as they keep the peace and are amenable to the law of the land."

"Have you ever heard," I asked, "that these higher priests of whom you speak have powers which are unknown to us?"

"Why, Eastern literature is full of it. The Bible is an Eastern book, and it is not full of the record of such powers from cover to cover? It is unquestionable that they have in the past known many of Nature's secrets which are lost to us. I cannot say, however, that the modern theosophists really possess the powers that they claim."

"Are they a vindictive class of people?" I asked. "Is there any offense among them which can only be expiated by death?"

"Not that I know of," my father answered, raising his white eyebrows in surprise. "You appear to be in an inquisitive humor this afternoon—what is the object of all these questions? Have our Eastern neighbors aroused your curiosity or suspicion in any way?"

I parried the question as best I might, for I was unwilling to let the old man know what was in my mind. No good purpose could come from his enlightenment; his age and his health demanded rest rather than anxiety; and indeed with the best will in the world I should have found it difficult to explain to another what was so very obscure to myself. For every reason I felt that it was best that he should be kept in the dark.

Never in all my experience have I known a day pass so slowly as did that eventful 5th of October. In every possible manner I endeavored to while away the tedious hours, and yet it seemed as if darkness would never arrive. I tried to read, I tried to write. I paced about the lawn, I walked to the end of the lane, I put new flies on my fishing-hooks, I began to index my father's library—in a dozen ways I endeavored to relieve the suspense which was becoming intolerable. My sister, I could see, was suffering from the same feverish restlessness. Again and again our good father remonstrated with us in his mild way for our erratic behavior and the continual interruption of his work which arose from it. At last, however, the tea was brought, and the tea was taken and after another interminable interval the prayers were read and the servants dismissed to their rooms. My father compounded and swallowed his nightly jorum of toddy, and then shuffled off to his room, leaving the two of us in the parlor with our nerves in a tingle and our minds full of the most vague and yet terrible apprehensions.

## CHAPTER XIV. OF THE VISITOR WHO RAN DOWN THE ROAD IN THE NIGHT-TIME.

It was a quarter past ten o'clock by the parlor time-piece when my father went off to his room, and left Esther and myself together. We heard his slow steps dying away up the creaking staircase, until the distant slamming of a door announced that he had reached his sanctum. The simple oil lamp upon the table threw a weird, uncertain light over the old room, flickering upon the carved oak paneling, and casting strange, fantastic shadows from the high-elbowed, straight-backed furniture. My sister's white, anxious face stood out in the obscurity with a startling exactness of profile, like one of Rembrandt's portraits. We sat opposite to each other on either side of the table, with no sound breaking the silence save the measured ticking of the clock and the intermittent chirping of a cricket beneath the gate. There was something awe-inspiring in the absolute stillness. The whistling of a belated peasant upon the highroad was a relief to us, and we strained our ears to catch the last of his notes as he plodded steadily homeward.

At first we had made some pretenses—she of knitting and I of reading; but we soon abandoned the useless deception, and sat uneasily waiting, staring and glancing at each other with questioning eyes whenever the faggo cracked in the fire or a rat scampered behind the wainscot. There was a heavy electrical feeling in the air which weighed us down with a foreboding of disaster. I rose and flung the hall door open to admit the fresh breeze of the night. Ragged clouds swept across the sky, and the moon

CONTINUED ON FIFTH PAGE.

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7





MYSTERY OF CLOOMBER

peeped out at times between their hurrying fringes, bathing the whole country-side in its cold, white radiance. From where I stood in the doorway I could see the edge of the Cloomber wood, though the house itself was only visible from the rising ground some little distance off. At my sister's suggestion we walked together, she with her shawl over her head, as far as the summit of this elevation, and looked out in the direction of the Hall. There was no illumination of the sun down to-night. From roof to basement not a light twinkled in any part of the great building. Its huge mass loomed up dark and sullen amid the trees which surrounded it, looking more like some giant sarcophagus than a human habitation. To our overwrought nerves there was something of terror in it, mere bulk and its silence. We stood for some little time peering at it through the darkness, and then we made our way back to the parlor again where we sat waiting—waiting, we knew not for what, and yet with the absolute conviction that some terrible experience was in store for us.

It was twelve o'clock or close on it when my sister suddenly sprang to her feet and held up her finger to be speak attention. "Do you hear nothing?" she asked.

I strained my ears, but without success.

"Come to the door," she cried, with a trembling voice. "Now can you hear anything?"

In the deep silence of the night I distinctly heard a dull, murmuring, clattering sound, continuous apparently, but very faint and low. "What is it?" I asked in a subdued voice.

"It's the sound of a man running toward us," she answered; and then, suddenly dropping the last semblance of self-command, she fell upon her knees beside the table and began praying aloud with that frenzied earnestness which intense, overpowering fear can produce, breaking off now and again into a half-hysterical whimpering.

I could distinguish the sound clearly enough now to know that her quick feminine perception had not deceived her, and that it was indeed caused by a running man. On he came, and on down the highroad, his footfalls ringing out clearer and sharper every moment. An urgent messenger he must be, for he neither paused nor slackened his pace. The quick, crisp rattle was changed suddenly to a dull, muffled murmur. He had reached the point where sand had been recently laid down for a hundred yards or so. In a few moments, however, he was back on hard ground again and his flying feet were nearer and ever nearer. He must, I reflected, be abreast of the head of the lane now. Would he hold on? or would he turn down to Brankesome? The thought had hardly crossed my mind when I heard by the difference of the sound that the runner had turned the corner, and that his goal was beyond all question the lord's house. Rushing down to the gate of the lawn, I reached it just as our visitor dashed it open and fell into my arms. I could see in the moonlight that it was none other than Mordaunt Heatherstone.

"My God!" I cried, "what has happened? What is amiss, Mordaunt?"

"My father!" he gasped—"my father!" His hat was gone, his eyes dilated with terror, and his face as bloodless as that of a corpse. I could feel that the hands which clasped my arms were quivering and shaking with emotion.

"You are exhausted," I said, leading him into the parlor. "Give yourself a moment's rest before you speak to us. Be calm, man, you are with your best friends." I laid him on the old horse-hair sofa, while Esther, whose fears had all flown to the winds now that that something practical was to be done dashed some brandy into a tumbler and brought it to him. The stimulant had a marvelous effect upon him, for the color began to come back into his pale cheeks and the light of recognition into his eyes. He sat up and took Esther's hand in both of his, like a man who is waking out of some bad dream and wishes to assure himself that he is really in safety.

"Your father?" I asked. "What of him?"

"He is gone,"

"Gone!"

"Yes, he is gone; and so is Corporal Rufus Smith. We shall never see eyes upon them again."

"But where are they gone?" I cried. "This is unworthy of you, Mordaunt. What right have we to sit here, allowing our private feelings to overcome us while there is a possibility of succoring your father? Up, man! Let us follow him. Tell me only what direction he took."

"It's no use," young Heatherstone answered, burying his face in his hands. "Don't reproach me, We'll, for you don't know all the circumstances. What can we do to reverse the tremendous and unknown laws which are acting against us? The blow has long been hanging over us, and now it has fallen. God help us!"

"In heaven's name tell me what has happened!" said I excitedly. "We must not yield to despair."

"We can do nothing until daylight," he answered. "We shall then endeavor to obtain some trace of them. It is hopeless at present."

"And how about Gabriel and Mrs. Heatherstone?" I asked. "Can we not bring them down from the Hall at once? Your poor sister must be distracted with terror."

"She knows nothing of it," Mordaunt answered. "She sleeps at the other

side of the house, and has not been heard anything. As to my poor mother, she has expected some such event for so long a time that it has not come upon her as a surprise. She is of course of a somewhat morbid disposition, I think, and is left to her self for the present. Her firmness and composure should be a lesson to me; but I am constitutionally excitable, and this catastrophe coming after our long period of suspense deprived me of my very reason for a time."

"If we can do nothing until morning," I said, "you have time to tell us all that has occurred."

"I shall do so," he answered, rising and holding his shaking hands to the fire. "You know already that we have had reason for some time—for many years, in fact—for fear that a terrible retribution was hanging over my father's head for a certain action of his early life. In this action he was associated with the man known as Corporal Rufus Smith, so that the fact of the latter finding his way to my father was a warning to us that the time had come, and that this 5th of October—the anniversary of the misdeed—would be the day of its atonement. I told you of our fears in my letter, and if I am not mistaken, my father also had some conversation with you, West, upon the subject. When I saw yesterday morning that he had hunted out the old uniform which he has always retained since he wore it in the Afghan war, I was sure that the end was at hand, and that our forebodings would be realized."

"He appeared to be more composed in the afternoon than I have seen him for years, and spoke freely of his life in India and of the incidents of his youth. About nine o'clock he requested us to go to our rooms, and locked us in there—a precaution which he frequently took when the dark fit was upon him. It was always his endeavor, poor soul, to keep us clear of the curse which had fallen upon his own unfortunate head. Before parting from us he tenderly embraced my mother and Gabriel, and he afterward followed me to my room, where he clasped my hand affectionately and gave into my charge a small packet addressed to yourself."

"To me?" I interrupted.

"To you," I shall fulfill my commission whenever I have told you my story. I conjured him to allow me to sit up with him and to share any danger which might arise; but he implored me with irresistible earnestness not to add to his troubles by thwarting his arrangements. Seeing that I was really distressing him by my pertinacity, I at last allowed him to close the door and to turn the key upon the outside. I shall always reproach myself for my want of firmness. But what can you do when your own father refuses your assistance or co-operation? You cannot force yourself upon him."

"I am sure that you did all you could do," my sister said.

"I meant to do," Esther, but, God help me, it was hard to tell what was right. He left me, and I heard his footsteps die away down the long corridor. It was then about ten o'clock or a little after. For a time I paced up and down the room, and then carrying the lamp to the head of my bed, I lay upon it without undressing, reading 'St. Thomas a Kempis,' and praying from my heart that the night might pass safely over us. I had at last fallen into a troubled sleep when I was suddenly aroused by a loud, sonorous sound ringing in my ears. I sat up bewildered, but all was silent again. The lamp was burning low, and my watch showed me that it was going on to midnight. I blundered to my feet, and was striking a match with the intention of lighting the candles, when the sharp, vehement cry broke out again so loud and so clear that it might have been in the very room with me. My chamber is in the front of the house, while those of my mother and sister are in the back, so that I am the only one who commands a view of the avenue. Rushing to the window I drew the blind aside and looked out. You know that the gravel drive opens up so as to form a broad stretch immediately in front of the house. Just in the center of the clear space there stood three men looking up at the house. The moon shone full upon them, glistening on their upturned eyeballs, and by its light I could see that they were swarthy-faced and black-haired, of a type that I was familiar with among the Sikhs and Afreedees. Two of them were thin, with eager, aesthetic countenances, while the third was king-like and majestic, with a noble figure and flowing beard."

"Ram Singh!" I ejaculated.

"What, you know them," exclaimed Mordaunt in great surprise. "You have met them?"

"I know them. They are Buddhist priests," I answered; "but go on."

"They stood in line," he continued, "sweeping their arms upward and downward, while their lips moved as if repeating some prayer or incantation. Suddenly they ceased to gesticulate, and broke out for the third time into the wild, weird, piercing cry which had aroused me from my sleep. Never shall I forget that shrill dreadful summons, swelling and reverberating through the silent night with an intensity of sound which is still ringing in my ears. As it died slowly away there was a rasping and creaking as of keys and bolts followed by the clang of an opening door and the clatter of hurrying feet. From my window I saw my father and Corporal Rufus Smith rush frantically out of the house, hatless and unkempt, like men who are obeying a sudden and overpowering impulse. The three strangers laid no hands upon them, but the whole trio swept swiftly away down the avenue and vanished among the trees. I am positive that no force was used or constraint of any visible kind, and yet I am as sure that my poor father and his companion were helpless prisoners as if I had seen them dragged away in manacles. All this took little time in the acting. From the first summons which disturbed my sleep to the last shadowy glimpse which I had of them between the tree trunks could hardly have occupied more than five minutes of actual time. So sudden was it, and so strange, that when the drama was over and they were gone I could have believed that it was all some terrible nightmare, some delusion, had I not felt that the impression was too real, too vivid, to be imputed to fancy. I threw my whole weight against my bedroom door in the hope of forcing the lock. It stood firm for a while, but I flung myself upon it again and again, until something snapped and I found myself in the passage. My first thought was for my mother. I rushed to her room and turned the key in her door. The moment I did so she stepped out into the corridor in her dressing-gown, and held up a warning finger.

"No noise," she said. "Gabriel is asleep. They have been called away?"

"They have," I answered.

"God's will be done!" she cried. "Your poor father will be happier in the next world than he has ever been in this. Thank heaven that Gabriel is asleep. I gave her chloral in her cocoa."

"What am I to do?" I said distractedly. "Where have they gone? How can I help him? We cannot let him go from us like this, or leave these men to do what they will with him. Shall I ride into Wigtown and arouse the police?"

"Anything rather than that," my mother said earnestly. "He has begged me again and again to avoid it. My son, we shall never set eyes upon your father again. You may marvel at my dry eyes; but if you knew as I know the peace which death would bring him, you could not find it in your heart to mourn for him. All pursuit is, I feel, vain; and yet some pursuit there must be. Let it be as private as possible. We cannot serve him better than by consulting his wishes."

"But every minute is precious," I cried. "Even now he may be calling upon us to rescue him from the clutches of these dark-skinned fiends. The thought so maddened me that I rushed out of the house and down to the highroad, but once there I had no indication in which direction to turn. The whole wide moor lay before me, without a sign of movement upon its broad expanse. I listened, but not a sound broke the perfect stillness of the night. It was then, my dear friends, as I stood, not knowing in which direction to turn, that the horror and responsibility broke full upon me. I felt that I was combating against forces of which I knew nothing. All was strange and dark and terrible. The thought of you, and of the help which I might look for from your advice and assistance, was a beacon of hope to me. At Brankesome, at least, I should receive sympathy, and above all, directions as to what I should do, for my mind is in such a whirl that I cannot trust my own judgment. My mother was content to be alone, my sister asleep, and no prospect of being able to do anything until daylight. Under those circumstances what more natural than that I should fly to you as fast as my feet would carry me? You have a clear head, Jack; speak out, man, and tell me what I should do. Esther, what should I do?" He turned from one to the other of us with outstretched hands and eager, questioning eyes.

"You can do nothing while the darkness lasts," I answered. "We must report the matter to the Wigtown police; but we need not send our message to them until we are actually starting upon the search, so as to comply with the law and yet have a private investigation, as your mother wishes. John Fullerton, over the hill, has a hunch-dog which is as good as a bloodhound. If we set him on the general's trail he will run him down if he had to follow him to John o' Groats."

"It is terrible to wait calmly here while he may need our assistance."

"I fear our assistance could under any circumstances do him little good. There are forces at work here which are beyond human intervention. Besides there is no alternative. We have, apparently, no possible clue as to the direction which they have taken, and for us to wander aimlessly over the moor in the darkness would be to waste the strength which may be more profitably used in the morning. It will be daylight by five o'clock. In an hour or so we can walk over the hill together and get Fullerton's dog."

"Another hour!" Mordaunt groaned, "every minute seems an age."

"Lie down on the sofa again and rest yourself," said I. "You cannot leave your father better than by laying up all the strength you can, for we may have a weary trudge before us. But you mentioned a packet which the general had intended for me."

"It is here," he answered, drawing a small, flat parcel from his pocket and handing it over to me, "you will find, no doubt, that it will explain all which has been so mysterious."

The packet was sealed at either end with black wax, bearing the impress of the flying griffin, which I knew to be the general's crest. It was further secured by a band of broad tape which I cut with my pocket knife. Across the outside was written, in bold handwriting: "J. Fothergill West, Esq., and underneath, "To be handed to that gentleman in the event of the disappearance or decease of Major-General J. B. Heatherstone, V. C. C. B., late of the Indian Army."

"I have left enough to keep my poor wife in comfort. When she rejoins me I should wish it to be equally divided between the children. If you hear that I am gone, do not pity, but congratulate me."

Your unfortunate friend,  
John Berthier Heatherstone.

I threw aside the letter and picked up the roll of blue foolscap which contained the solution of the mystery. It was all ragged and frayed at the inner edge, with traces of gun and thread still adhering to it, to show that it had been torn out of a strongly bound volume. The ink with which it had been written had faded somewhat; but across the head of the first page was inscribed in bold, clear characters, evidently of later date than the rest, "Journal of Lieutenant J. B. Heatherstone—The Thall Valley Adventure—

autumn of 1841" and then underneath, "This extract contains some accounts of the events of the first week of October of that year, including the skirmish of the ferreda ravine and the death of the late General Shah." I have the narrative lying before me now, and I copy it verbatim. If it contains some matter which has no direct bearing upon the question at issue, I can only say that I thought it better to publish what is irrelevant than by cutting and clipping to lay the whole statement open to the charge of having been tampered with.

CONTINUED NEXT WEDNESDAY.

TRUE TEST OF THE DAM.

Development of the Motherly Qualities Advocated in All Cases.

With the broad cow and the dairy cow it is not always possible to determine the value from one breeding. A cow starts with her first calf, and if given such treatment as is calculated best to develop her milking qualities will grow better each time she comes in fresh until she is 6 years old. Then she is usually at her best. If it were the rule to discard a cow because she did not give as much milk with her first calf as another with her third or fourth, there would be few cows that would bring a second calf.

It is an exceptional case when a sow bred for the first time, even though she is allowed to become well matured before being bred, and is given treatment that best enables her to go through gestation in a thrifty condition, will bring a first litter as good either in numbers or in quality as her second or third.

Occasionally the first breeding will be the best, and occasionally the first breeding will conclusively prove that a dam should not be kept any longer; but this is the exception rather than the rule.

In nearly all cases the safest and best plan is to feed and care for every dam in a way best calculated to develop the mother qualities, and if her breeding turns out fairly well, give her a second trial.

With a dairy cow the value of the calf is a secondary consideration. It is the quantity and quality of the milk she is capable of producing for ten or eleven months in a year that determine her value.

Milk giving is a function that requires development and feed; care will do much in this line. A good dairy animal will give a considerable increase in quantity after she brings her second calf; and by this time it may be determined whether or not it is best to keep her for the dairy. If she makes but little increase in quantity and quality under good treatment the sooner she is fattened and marketed the better.

A young sow that is bred for the first time and farrows four or five thrifty, vigorous pigs, is able to supply them with milk enough to maintain a thrifty growth and gives them good motherly care will, with good treatment, develop into a valuable brood sow.

It is not altogether the number of pigs that a sow farrows that determine her value, but her motherly qualities and the number and character of the pigs she succeeds in raising until ready to wean.

A sow that does fairly well with her first litter, especially if she shows herself to be a good mother, can nearly always be given a second trial, and, if she improves perceptibly, may usually be kept as long as she farrows and raises good litters.

A Fortunate Reply.

The Duke of Ossuna, who, during his long career as viceroy of Naples was distinguished as much for his good, good sense in small matters as in those larger questions of statesmanship which made him one of the foremost men of Europe, once paid a visit to the Cape gallery at Barcelona. As he passed in and out among the crew of slaves he questioned several of them regarding their offences for which they were so laboriously paying the penalties. Each had plenty of excuses. One said he had been sent there from spite; another asserted that the judge who had sentenced him had been bribed; still another declared that his being there was all a mistake and that he was suffering for the crime of which his brother was guilty.

At last the duke came to a stout little black fellow of whom he asked: "And what are you here for, my man?"

"My lord," replied the slave, "I cannot deny that I am justly put in here, for I wanted money and so took a purse, near Tarragona, to keep me from starving."

Upon hearing this the duke gave him two or three blows across the shoulders with his stick, saying, as he did so: "You rogue, what are you doing among so many honest, innocent men? Get you out of their company!"

The thief, who was so surprised that he scarcely comprehended what was going on, was then set at liberty, while the rest were left to labor at the oar.

Opium and Wine in Tunis.

The Arabs of Tunis give their children opium to prevent their crying. It is estimated that each child consumes, on an average, an infusion of one poppyhead every evening of its life up to the age of two years. No ill effects are noted as resulting from this singular practice.

The men of Tunis who are not Moslems are often hard drinkers. There are shops in the town where a subscription of 5 shillings a month gives the right to come every day and drink as much as one likes. This is possible, as palm wine is very cheap and very strong. The Moslems are, of course, forbidden to drink wines or spirits, but in Tunis they frequently contrive to reach the same ends by smoking a preparation of hemp flowers. The milder kind is called kif, and when used in moderation, has no more effect than wine, but the concentrated essence, known as chira, produces intoxication as quickly as raw spirits and leads to delirium tremens.

To open an oyster, the force required appears to be 1,319½ times the weight of the shell's creature.

G. O. Taylor Whiskies 'see us the system.

know the dark secret which had cast a shadow over our lives. Here in my hands I held the solution of it. With eager fingers I broke the seals and unfolded the wrapper. A note and a small bundle of discolored paper lay within. I drew the lamp over to me and opened the former. It was dated from the preceding afternoon, and ran in this way.

My dear West—I should have satisfied your very natural curiosity on the subject which we have had occasion to talk of more than once, but I refrained for your own sake. I knew by sad experience how unsettling and unnerving it is to be forever waiting for a catastrophe which you are convinced must befall, and which you can neither avert nor accelerate. I know it affects me specially, as being the person most concerned, I am still conscious that the natural sympathy which I have observed in you, and your regard for Gabriel's father, would both combine to render you unhappy if you knew the hopelessness and yet the vagueness of the fate which threatens me. I feared to disturb your mind, and I was therefore silent, though at some cost to myself, for my isolation has been not the least of the troubles which have weighed me down. Many signs, however, and chief among them the presence of the Buddhists upon the coast as described by you this morning, have convinced me that the weary waiting is at last over and that the hour of retribution is at hand. Why I should have been allowed to live nearly forty years after my offense, is more than I can understand, but it is possible that those who had command over my fate knew that such a life is the greatest of all penalties to me. Never for an hour, night or day, have they suffered me to forget that they have marked me down as their victim. Their accursed astral bell has been ringing my knell for two score years, reminding me ever that there is no spot upon earth where I can hope to be in safety. Oh, the peace, the blessed peace of dissolution! Come what may on the other side of the tomb, I shall at least be quit of that thrice terrible sound.

There is no need for me to enter into the wretched business again, or to detail at any length the events of the 5th of October, 1841, and the various circumstances which led up to the death of Ghoolab Shah, the arch adept. I have torn a sheaf of leaves from my old journal, in which you will find a bald account of the matter, and an independent narrative was furnished by Sir Edward Elliott, of the Artillery, to the Star of India some years ago—in which, however, the names are suppressed. I have reason to believe that many people, even among those who knew India well, thought that Sir Edward was romancing, and that he had evolved his incidents from his imagination. The few faded leaves which I send you will show you that this is not the case, and our men of science must recognize powers and laws which can and have been used by man, but which are unknown to European civilization.

I do not wish to whine or to whimper, but I cannot help feeling that I have had hard measure dealt me in this world. I would not, God knows, take the life of any man, far less an aged one in cold blood. My temper and nature, however, were always fiery and headstrong, and in action when my blood is up I have no knowledge of what I am about. Neither the corporal nor I would have laid a finger upon Ghoolab Shah had we not seen that the tribesmen were rallying behind him. Well, well; it is an old story now, and there is no profit in discussing it. May no other poor fellow ever have the same evil fortune!

I have written a short supplement to the statements contained in my journal for your information and that of any one else who may chance to be interested in the matter. And now, adieu! Be a good husband to Gabriel; and if your sister be brave enough to marry into such a devil-ridden family as ours by all means let her do so. I

"Men of Blood."

have left enough to keep my poor wife in comfort. When she rejoins me I should wish it to be equally divided between the children. If you hear that I am gone, do not pity, but congratulate me."

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A Machine Which Writes The YOST Uses No Ribbon Prints direct upon the paper.

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**COLUMBIA** Bevel-Gear

**Chainless Bicycle, \$125.**

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Made to Order

— AND —

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Prices According to Selection.

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**BOTTLER OF**

**Portsmouth Brewing Co.'s Lager, Jones' Golden Ale, and**

**All Kinds of Light Drinks.**

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**OFFICE AND WORKS, MAPLEWOOD AVENUE.**

**SANTAL-MIDY**

These tiny Capsules are superior to Balsam of Copaiba, Cubebis or Injections and CURE IN 48 HOURS the same diseases without inconvenience. Get the full bottle.

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No Dust No Smoke

**PAILES**

For sale by George Hill, Druggist.

111 Market St. **COAL**



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CHAMBRAYS, Piques, LAWNS.

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We are always ready to do that, from early morning until late at night you'll find dependable service here. And when we say dependable service, we not only mean that a skilled pharmacist will prepare your medicines, but that each ingredient will be of the best quality and in perfect condition.

We are reasonable in price, too.

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FRANKLIN BLOCK.

Portsmouth, N. H.

## W.E. Paul

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Heating Engineer  
and Contractor.  
WINDMILLS AND PIPING.

SOLE AGENT FOR

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Grand Ranges and Stoves.  
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10 Cents a Pound Up.

Call and See Our Stock.

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32 Congress Street.

### THE MER (L.D.)

SATURDAY, FEB. 18, 1899.

#### SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD.

She gave her all for the flag she loved,  
Her soul beloved boy,  
Oh! how tenderly she nursed him  
Her hope, her only joy,  
For his father slept his long last sleep,  
Where southern pine trees wave,  
In a deep, wide trench on the battlefield  
Where he died his flag to save.

She had taught her boy to honor  
The flag his father loved,  
And to venerate our emblem  
Next to his God above,  
All through his early boyhood  
And his strenuous hard to keep  
Him at his books, and pay the rent  
And clothe him clean and neat.

At last he graduated with  
Honor from the school;  
He wrote the valedictory—  
Which proved him not a fool  
And one beside him stood that day,  
Sweet Susie was her name;  
And pledged herself to wait for him  
Till he had wealth and fame.

A clerkship soon was tendered him,  
And he was quick to leave—  
That by diligence and courtesy  
Their confidence to earn.  
Two years he served them faithfully,  
They twice his salary raised—  
For his diligence and kindness  
They spoke in honest praise.

The firm were large ship-owners  
That sailed to foreign shores—  
And soon the cry of suffering  
Into the office poured.  
The captain spoke of Spanish rule  
Of the taxes they had laid  
On the back of poor, weak Cubans,  
And they could not be paid.

And the Cubans cry for help,  
To solve the Cuban problem,  
Of oppression, and murder,  
Of the helpless, reach our door.  
When lo! a spark is kindled,  
Which burns in freedom's breast;  
And at the cry of suffering  
It will not, cannot rest.

"My boy what makes you and of late?"  
The mother fondly chides;  
She knew that on his answer  
She could implicitly abide.  
"Dear mother, why I'm sad of late  
Is that from you I must part,  
You are so very dear to me  
It rends my very heart."

"Why, you'll not part from me, dear boy,  
Bring Susie to our home;  
You know she will come quite willingly,  
From me you must not roam."  
"Dear mother, you don't understand,  
A voice comes o'er the wave;  
For brave men to defend the flag  
My father died to save."

Thence was fought the bravest battle  
In that widowed mother's heart—  
Then she took it all to Jesus,  
And in silence submissively bore her part.  
Now sweet Susie was an orphan,  
For a month had scarcely fled—  
Since her parents both were numbered  
With the loved and silent dead.

Thus the wedding must be quiet,  
As becomes the truly brave;  
Little thinking he was marching  
From the altar to the grave.  
Three days he was on the watch—  
To the Maine was then transferred,  
"We are now in old Havana."

Were the tidings last they heard,  
The good ship lay at anchor,  
In a friendly port, 'twas said—  
The taps had called, the lights were out,  
The lads had caught their bed,  
It will never be forgotten,  
That sad and fatal day—  
When those brave boys met death, alas!  
In old Havana bay.

Now their home is full of sadness,  
And their hearts with grief are torn—  
For the loss of him, their loved one,  
Gone the hope of his return.  
There is many a home, alas! is wrecked  
Since the struggle was begun—  
There is many a heart is stilled in death,  
Since our nation's victory won.

Now our hero's wife and mother,  
Go as nurses, true and brave—  
The Red Cross is their banner—  
They fearlessly launch upon the wave.  
In his name they gave their all;  
Knowing that without his knowledge  
Even a sparrow cannot fall.

Rheumatism, with its sharp twinges,  
Aches and pains. Do you know the  
cause? Acid in the blood has accumulated  
in your joints. The cure is found in  
Hood's Sarsaparilla which neutralizes this  
acid. Thousands write that they have  
been completely cured of rheumatism by  
Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, sick head  
ache, biliousness, indigestion. Price 25  
cents.

COSTLY SNOWSLIDE.  
A large amount of snow and ice slid  
from the roof of Cornell's jewelry store  
on Congress street this morning and  
completely wrecked an awning below.  
Several persons had very narrow es-  
capes and a number of horses started to  
run away but were captured before get-  
ting well under way.

#### ANNOUNCEMENT.

Today, and every day next week, our  
advertising agents, the Globe Grocery  
Co., will sell you a box of Bucklen's  
Arnica Salve, "The Best Salve in the  
World," and guarantee it to cure Cuts,  
Bruises, Sore, Ulcers, Salt Rheum,  
Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands,  
Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions,  
and positively cures Piles or  
hemorrhoids.

H. E. BUCKLEN & CO.,  
Chicago, Ill.

A lazy liver makes a lary man. Bur-  
dock Blood Purifier is the natural, new  
siding remedy for a lazy liver.

### FELL OVERBOARD

Western Union Lineman Takes An  
Involuntary Bath.

A lineman of the Western Union tele-  
graph company, while engaged in re-  
pairing some wires at the Nobles island  
bridge this forenoon, fell overboard,  
and had a narrow escape from drowning.  
His perilous condition was at once  
seen by Thomas McCarthy, engineer of  
the shifter, and George McIntosh, who  
procured a life preserver and kept the  
man above the water until a boat was  
launched and took him out.

He was thoroughly chilled, but with  
the aid of stimulants and blankets he  
was none the worse for his thrilling ex-  
perience.

#### HIT OVER THE HEAD.

John E. Lawry Receives a Bad Wound  
at Hands of Winnie Clark.

John E. Lawry was struck in the  
head by an iron hook, held in the hands  
of Winnie Clark at the shoe factory this  
forenoon and received a bad scalp  
wound, the flesh being laid open to the  
bone.

Clark, who runs the elevator, had  
words with Lawry and without any  
warning dealt him the blow. Lawry  
was taken home and Dr. Lyons sum-  
moned to dress the injury. The skull  
was not fractured and the injured man  
will soon recover unless complications  
set in.

#### A MATTER OF EQUITY.

One of the most interesting hearings  
before the Maine legislature on Friday  
was that on a resolve in favor of Francis  
Keefe of Eliot. This is to recover  
\$722 75 expended by Mr. Keefe in gain-  
ing his seat in the House. Hon. George  
M. Seiders of Portland appeared for Mr.  
Keefe and argued that it was in the in-  
terests of good politics to allow this bill  
as it would give less chance for fraud in  
elections, giving a man cheated out of  
his seat courage to fight for it. Mr.  
Manley said as this involved a matter of  
equity it should be fully investigated  
and upon his motion it was referred to  
a subcommittee consisting of Senator  
White and Representative Powers.

#### LOST FIVE SNOW PLOWS.

The last storm cost the Boston and  
Maine railroad five snow plows. The  
first was smashed up at Beverly, Mon-  
day evening. Tuesday afternoon an-  
other went to pieces at Magnolia, and  
the one in the collision with the engine  
at Magnolia Tuesday evening, was also  
damaged into kindling wood. Up at  
Wenham, one east and one west of the  
depot, the road lost two plows. The  
plows plows are of good material, well  
constructed, and probably cost in the  
neighborhood of \$1200. So \$6000 for  
snow plows is quite an item.

#### SPARRING EXHIBITION.

A big crowd of local and out-of-town  
sports attended the sparring exhibition  
in Philbrick hall, on Friday evening, and  
witnessed some good clean sport. The  
exhibition was under the management  
of the Rockingham Athletic club, who  
have run several fistic events here in the  
past, which have been very successful.  
There were a number of exceedingly  
hot bouts and the sports were well sat-  
isfied with the fun. Professor Olson  
officially as referee while Mr. Alex. Bil-  
bruck presided at the piano.

#### CRUELTY TO A COW.

Robert E. Hodgkins, agent of the S. P.  
C. A. went to Rye this morning to investi-  
gate the case of alleged cruelty to a cow.  
He found that a man over eighty years  
of age had allowed his cow to go for  
over three days without food and water.  
Mr. Hodgkins gave the old gentleman a  
sound talking to and told him what to  
expect if he did not treat his animals  
better in the future.

#### THE FIRST MAYFLOWER.

The first Mayflower of the season was  
received by Mrs. B. F. Lombard in this  
city on Friday, from friends in New-  
fields. It is a full blown flower and its  
sweet fragrance gave one a thought that  
spring is near at hand. This is the ear-  
liest that Mayflowers have been seen in  
this vicinity and will make those who  
search for early buds open their eyes.

#### A PASSENGER ON THE DEWEY

Civil Engineer Orlando Morgan of the  
Boston & Maine railroad, who has been  
passing the past year in this city, was a  
passenger on the stranded steamer Ad-  
miral Dewey. He was landed in Boston  
with the other people taken from the  
steamer. Before he left on the trip he  
remarked to Mr. Thompson that he  
hoped he would get a taste of rough  
weather. He got it.

#### BOUGHT LARGE SHOE HOUSE.

C. Fred Duncan, the shoe man, has  
purchased the big Shaw shoe store in  
Lynn, Mass., which he is to run in con-  
nection with his Portsmouth store. The  
new store is the leading boot and shoe  
house in Lynn.

### CITY BRIEFS.

Little Miss Moffet  
Set on a buffet.  
Eating of curds and whey;  
Said little Miss Moffet,  
"Really, how tough it  
is. I'm not rhymed with buffet!"  
—*Indianapolis Journal.*

A springlike day.  
The sleighing is rather sticky.  
Tomorrow will be the first Sunday in  
Lent.

Charles Lamb was born 121 years ago  
today.

The snow disappeared rapidly last  
night.

The political pot has commenced to  
sizzle.

Rubbers have the call such weather  
as this.

New spring hats have made their ap-  
pearance.

Only ten days of February remain af-  
ter today.

The sleighing is not as good as it  
might be.

The snow has disappeared wonder-  
fully today.

All horse owners are outspeeding  
their animals.

Rubber boots will be in great demand  
if the thaw continues.

The prophesied snowstorm, due yester-  
day, failed to materialize.

The walking is execrable and the rub-  
ber trade has been good today.

Look in C. Fred Duncan's window  
today for prices on foot wear.

Rev. A. W. Adams of Boston will  
preach at the People's church tomorrow  
evening.

The "S. G." Londres is made of the  
choicest stock and is the best ten cent  
cigar in the market.

Reports from various parts of the  
state say that belated valentines are ar-  
riving in large numbers.

A large load of young people went to  
Newington on Friday evening to attend  
a dance at the town hall.

The anniversary of Union Rebekah  
lodge will occur next Tuesday and will  
be appropriately observed.

The sparring exhibition in Philbrick  
hall on Friday evening was attended by  
a number of out of town sports.

Civil Engineer Thompson of the Bos-  
ton & Maine arrived in town on Friday  
to arrange for the Rye extension.

Bellamy Dance, Wednesday  
evening, Feb. 22d.

Have your shoes repaired by John W.  
Mott, 34 Congress street. Satisfaction  
guaranteed. Hand sewed work a spe-  
cialty.

The members of the Portsmouth  
Yacht club entertain their friends this  
evening at the club house on Mechanic  
street.

Of course you are going to  
attend the big concert and ball  
of Moses H. Goodrich, S. F. E.  
Co., No. 4, on the evening of  
Feb. 21.

The illustrated reading by Rev. Al-  
fred Gooding is to occur on Sunday  
evening and not this evening as has been  
stated.

A lady fell down on Market street  
this morning, near the Seaman's Home,  
and was badly shaken up but no bones  
were broken.

Gentlemen: Look in Taylor's window  
on Congress street and see the prizes  
for the best make-up at the Bellamy  
dance next Wednesday evening.

The officers arrested a Portsmouth  
marine here last evening and gave him  
lodging in the police station. They  
liberated him this morning, and sent  
him out of town.—*Somersetshire paper.*

The school children have thronged  
the streets today and made life misera-  
ble for the drivers by stealing rides on  
passing sleighs in utter disregard to  
life and limb.

Rev. James O. Cornish has made ex-  
tensive improvements to his restaurant  
on Market street, known as the Sea-  
man's Home. Mr. Cornish now has a  
neat and attractive place.

Ladies: Those opera glasses for the  
best make up at the Bellamy, or "Look-  
ing Backward" (dance, next Wednesday  
evening, are to be seen in one of Hoyt  
and Dow's show windows.

### PERSONALS.

A. H. Wilson is on a business trip to  
New York city.

Mrs. Frank C. Langley is the guest of  
friends in Dover.

Gen. William D. Sawyer of Dover was  
here on Friday evening.

Mrs. E. L. Guphill returned on Fri-  
day evening from Dover.

Mr. Edgar Stoddard returned on Fri-  
day from a trip to Chicago.

Labor Commissioner Julius F. Trask  
of Laconia was in town today.

James H. McGlinchey of Portland, is  
the guest of relatives in town.

Miss Winnie Rice of Hill street is re-  
stricted to her home by illness.

Miss Rita Wallace went to Rochester  
on Friday to visit her grandmother.

Fred M. Sine was registered at the  
Falmouth hotel in Portland, yesterday.

Mrs. William O. Jenkins is visiting  
her sister, Mrs. Fred Parker Hildings  
in Boston.

Mrs. James H. McGlinchey of Port-  
land, is the guest of Mrs. Anna Dixon,  
Court street.

Mr. William Beals, Jr., of Boston,  
Mass., is passing a few days in this city  
with relatives.

Miss Annie S. Pike of Dover is the  
guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. Wallace Jun-  
kins, Russell street.

Miss Marion Mitchell, clerk at G. B.  
French's dry goods store, is restricted to  
her home by illness.

Miss Dorothy M. Coleman, teacher at  
the Whipple school, goes to Dover this  
morning for a short visit.

Mrs. Charles C. Lampry was report-  
ed on Friday evening as being quite se-  
riously ill with pneumonia.

Mr. William F. Harrington of Man-  
chester was here on business connected  
with the Portsmouth Brewing Co.

Prof. Granville P. Lee, instructor at  
the Portland Athletic club, was here on  
Friday and attended the boxing tourna-  
ment.

Rev. Henry E. Hovey, rector of St.  
John's church, officiated at the funeral  
in Dover on Thursday afternoon of Dr.  
Charles A. Tufts.

Mr. and Mrs. Parker Whittemore and  
Mr. and Mrs. Sherburn M. Merrill,  
both of Brookline, are stopping at the  
Rockingham for a few days.

Mr. C. H. Hayes of this city returned  
on Friday evening from Brewster, Mass.  
where he has been the guest of his  
daughter, Mrs. I. O. Cummings.

Miss May Allen, who has been the  
guest of her sister, Mrs. Chas. Couard,  
at Kittery, for the past month, left Fri-  
day for Boston on a visit to friends.

Mrs. W. Henry Smith of Maplewood  
avenue, who has been the guest of her  
sister, Mrs. Clarence E. Garrieh in  
Lynn, Mass., returned home on Friday.

At the next meeting of the New Hamp-  
shire Medical society, to be held in  
Manchester in March, Dr. A. C. Hefner-  
gar of this city will present one of the  
principal papers.

The body of Horace Lamos, who died  
in Grand Rapids, Michigan, will be  
brought to Somersworth for interment.

Mr. W. W. Carman of Lewiston, for-  
merly superintendent of the Portsmouth  
Machine Co., was here on Friday.

Mrs. John C. Neal of Kittery was re-  
ported as being very low on Friday and  
her death was expected at any moment.

Marie, the youngest daughter of Col.  
and Mrs. Charles A. Sinclair, of Brook-  
line, Mass., is restricted to her home by  
illness.

We all feel proud to know Burton T.  
Scales received a certificate last week  
from the department of public instruc-  
tion in New York entitling him to teach  
music in any of the schools of Greater  
New York. Mr. Scales is a Dartmouth  
graduate, and a pupil of George G. Par-  
ker of Boston, in music culture. For a  
number of years he has made a study of  
church and public school music.—*Dover  
Cor. Somersetshire Press.*

ENTERED GOVERNMENT HOSPI-  
TAL CORPS

Charles A. Batchelder, a member of  
Company A, Third Regiment, N. H. N.  
G., at Chicoma last summer, and of  
late male nurse at the Cottage hospital,  
has entered the government hospital  
service and ordered to report at Fort  
Constitution after a weeks furlough. Mr.  
Batchelder has many friends in this city  
especially among the members of Com-  
pany A, who wish him luck in his new  
position.

BENEFIT SUPPER.

The Ladies' Auxiliary connected with  
the Y. M. C. A., which, by the way, has  
pledged to raise one hundred dollars  
before May 1st for the benefit of the  
local branch, is arranging to give a  
Turkey dinner on Tuesday, Feb. 22d,  
in one of the public halls.

### CLUB NOTES.

Portsmouth Athletic Club.  
Two games were played in the P. A.  
C. pool tournament on Friday evening,  
resulting as follows: Marks defeated  
Kirkpatrick 100 to 95; Cotton defeated  
Barks 100 to 97.

Portsmouth Cycle Club.  
At the Cycle club a number of games  
in the pool tournament were played of  
Friday afternoon and evening and each  
drew a large crowd of on-lookers. The  
games resulted as follows: Bickford  
defeated Newick 100 to 85; Kehoe de-  
feated White 100 to 64; J. Mitchell de-  
feated White 100 to 53; Bickford de-  
feated W. Mitchell 100 to 66; Kehoe de-  
feated Whitehouse 100 to 60; Crompton de-  
feated W. Mitchell 100 to 60.

Warner Club.  
The following is the result of the  
whist games played at the Warner  
club on Friday evening: Chick and Ed-  
son 20, Urich and Rowe 19; Chick and  
Edson 20, Taylor and Shapleigh 13;  
Urich and Rowe 20, Holmes and Little-  
field 1; Young and Drake 20, Rugg  
and Kennard 14; Young and Drake 20,  
Rugg and Kennard 13.

OBITUARY.

Leonard Jenkins.  
Mr. Leonard Jenkins of Kittery, Me.,  
passed away on Friday evening at the  
age of seventy-five years. He was a  
carpenter by trade and a member of Fi-  
catagus lodge of Odd Fellows of this  
city. He leaves a widow and many  
friends.

Mrs. Olive Hutchins.  
Mrs. Olive Hutchins of York died on  
Friday noon, aged eighty-one years.  
She leaves two children: A son, John B.,  
of York, and a daughter, Mrs. Lambert,  
of this city.

On Fire!  
Salt Rheum

Makes the lives of many miserable.  
The intense itching and burning  
characteristic of this disease dimi-  
nish and disappear when Hood's  
Sarsaparilla begins its purifying  
effects upon the blood, its healing  
and soothing influence upon the  
inflamed flesh and broken skin.  
That this is not theory but fact, is  
shown by the statements of many  
people Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured.

Had to Wear Gloves

"I was severely afflicted with  
salt rheum on my hands and was  
obliged to wear gloves most of the  
time. I tried many different kinds  
of medicine, ointment, etc., to no  
purpose, and finally began taking  
Hood's Sarsaparilla. A few bottles  
of this medicine cured me, and  
since then whenever I have felt any  
trouble with my hands I have re-  
sorted to Hood's Sarsaparilla, which  
has very quickly given me relief.  
We have used this medicine in our  
family for years." Mrs. A. O.  
SPAULDING, North Scarsport, Me.

Hood's  
Sarsaparilla

Is the best medicine money can buy  
for salt rheum. Sold by druggists, \$1.

The scarcity and continued high  
price of Havana tobacco has had no ef-  
fect on the quantity of

THE CELEBRATED

7-20-4

10 CENT CIGARS.  
They have always maintained their  
high standard. Strictly hand-made  
Samaritan wrapper and long Havana  
tiller. For sale by all first-class dealers

At Wholesale in Portsmouth by  
FRED S. WENDELL, J. H. SWETT,  
Deer and Market Sts. Bridge St.

R. C. SULLIVAN,  
MANUFACTURER,  
Manchester, N. H.

DESIGNER AND DECORATOR.

An opportunity to furnish plans and esti-  
mates for all kinds of

PAINTING AND DECORATING

is sufficient to convince all that it is wise to  
commit one.

Best of reference for  
high class work.

J. E. Hoxie

J. A. & A. W. WALKER

## WE MAKE CANDY.

If you desire from  
CANDIES visit  
headquarters.

The sale and man-  
ufacture of all high  
class CANDIES is  
our business.

## J. H. TAYLOR FAY BLOCK

### MUSIC HALL

One Solid Week Beginning

Monday Evening, Feb. 20.

The Bright Little Star of the East,

### FRANKIE CARPENTER

CONCERT, ORCHESTRA

And Excellent Company, Headed by  
the Prince of Singing and Dancing  
Comedians,  
JERE GRADY.

CARLOAD OF SCENERY AND ELE-  
TRICAL EFFECTS.  
HIGH CLASS SPECIALTIES.  
SONGS! DANCES! NOVELTIES

REPERTOIRE—EVENINGS.  
Monday, An American Princess  
Tuesday, Pawn Ticket 210  
Wednesday, Struck Gas  
Thursday, Conn. The Shaggy  
Friday, Strange Adventures of Miss Brown  
Saturday, To be Announced

MATINEES.  
Tuesday, Child of Fate  
Wednesday, An American Princess  
Thursday, Pawn Ticket 210  
Friday, Martha the Wait  
Saturday, Struck Gas

PRICES  
Matinees 10 & 20  
Evenings 10, 20 & 30 CENTS

## Granite State

## Fire Insurance Company

OF PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

Paid-Up Capital, \$200,000

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